

World War Me

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Summary: Consumed by sadness and rage, Sookie decides to deal with her rapist. "Kill Bill" is all she could think of, until she woke up dead with no maker in sight. ES, HEA

1. Chapter 1

**Chapter 1**

A/N: This was an entry to a writing challenge called "Kill Bill". The rules were simple; you had to Kill Bill or talk about killing him and it had to be under 10 000 words.

It was originally posted on my previous pen name but in order to complete the story I have decided to move it over to this profile. Chapter 6 is the only new chapter and will be posted shortly.

World War Me

Chapter 1- I'm dying from the inside

"Wake." I tell myself but somehow my eyelids are closed shut.

"WAKE!" I said it louder as my eyes opened and my upper body lifted to a seated position.

I looked at my naked body and wondered if my skin ever looked so pale. I focused on my toes and tried to wiggle them without much success. What was it with this stupid cold body with slow responses? As if my brain thought of something, but without blood pumping through my veins it took longer to reach the extremity of it. Of course, this only lasted for a couple minutes so I waited.

And waited.

Finally, the big toe moved from left to right and I have an internal

happy dance. I finally get up to walk to the dresser near the bed to grab some clothing. I wasn't allowed to wear anymore of my sundresses because apparently, it was not something a vampire would wear. Whatever.

You see, I am dead. I guess it happened fast; I didn't have time to react or internally assess what had happened. I wasn't angry or sad, I was justâ€¦ me. When I turned, I didn't even realized what was going on. I mean I had closed my eyes thinking I was dying but then I had awakened to this new life. It took me months to get accustomed to it and without a Maker to teach me the ropes of hunting, feeding, and fighting, Eric had stepped up.

Who is my Maker you ask?

In an effort to keep me alive, Bill had given me his blood not paying attention to the fact that I had already passed away.

The result?

I died and I came back as one of them. Great.

All this is my fault though; I mean I did go after him for what he did to me. I had every reason in the world to hate him, to be miserable, to be angry. Every reason in the world to grieve, to put myself back together and move on but I didn't. Instead, I let rage consume me and revenge was all I could see. What is it they say again about revenge? You dig two graves. Well it was all too true for me.

The reality though, is that a part of me died in that trunk and that part was my humanity. Just like I had snapped out of a dream I was living, I stopped caring for everyone that surrounded me. How could I care when I didn't even have enough energy to do so for myself?

A friend once told me we are memories, and without them, we equal nothing. Bill had taken all my memories away from me. When he raped me, he tarnished every single one of them to the point I couldn't remember a time where I wasn't a victim. The minute I would have a memory of a happier time, a time before the event, I would break down crying. I couldn't control it, I felt like I had a permanent ball of anxiety and stress in my stomach. That is what terror does to you. You stop sleeping and you live in a state of tight shoulders and tippy toes. I wasn't scared of Bill and the fact that he would do it again. No. What I was terrified of was those fucking memories. Sometimes out of nowhere, I would smell him on me and I would scream. Other times I would just be working and someone would come in and would remind me of his sorry ass and I would get theseâ€¦ flashbacks that would bring me to my knees. I lived everyday with this constant terror floating around me.

And if you think that was all and that you know, I could have moved on once I had stopped to be scared, you are wrong.

I also lived every day with the pain that someone had violated my body. Sure, after a couple days, the physical pain was gone but the mental agony settled in deep. At first, I had been depressed about the events and had broken it off with Bill. I am sure I had once loved him but it was impossible at that point to look at him in the eyes and not remember that night. Just a mention of his name was

enough to make me vomit. Like literally vomit as if my body didn't know how to deal with all this hatred I had for it so it puked it up. I couldn't look at myself in the mirror because it reminded me of how weak I was and how I was a toy for vampires. They had no respect for human life, why would they for me? So, like I said, I stopped caring. It wasn't like at one moment I had made the decision or anything. It had been progressive. It had started with the things I enjoyed. I held no value in them anymore. Taking a shower was a chore, putting on clothes a nightmare. I didn't want to do any of it. All I wanted to do was to forget and yet I couldn't.

The first few weeks I had fallen into a downward spiral of a permanent state of sadness. I felt I didn't deserve to live anymore. My own body disgusted me but worst, I couldn't look anyone in the eyes, out of fear they would see how revolting I was. I would take a shower every night and scrub myself so hard I would bleed, but I felt that I didn't deserve anything comforting.

Eric had tried to help me. He had visited me a couple times but I think he saw it in my eyes. I was gone. Bill had killed my trust and faith in life and I am sure Eric found it unsettling. I mean even today, we do not speak of my human life very much. If I didn't know the Viking so well I would have thought he was scared of what that conversation would unleash.

I rejected him then, as I always did when he wanted to help and protect me. This time it was different. I wasn't afraid of my own feelings for him, I truly believed I did not deserve him. As if I was soiled goods, I had nothing to offer a Vampire such as him and he deserved better.

I reached a place at that point that was so cold and dark I had to set myself free. That is when anger took control. I mean if you read books about grieving, it does say after that stage you accept and move on, but I didn't. I was so blinded by the salty taste of my own blood every time I clenched my teeth out of rage that I let the feelings consume me fully.

Angry, I had looked at myself in a mirror for the first time in months and I had taken the decision.

"Kill. Bill." Is all I kept telling myself.

I obsessed over him. I followed him every night to make a pattern of his every move, his contacts, and his resources. I barely slept, spending my nights stalking him while my days were spent wondering how to get my revenge.

I was not going to be a victim anymore. I wanted him to die. It was like an epiphany as if all my pain would go away once he melted into a puddle of goo. I wanted him to feel like I felt; I wanted him to beg for his undead life. He was going to see what it was like to be a victim no matter the cost.

I spent many days buying silver chains and ammunition not knowing exactly how I was going to kill him but following the truth that he was going to be ended, and I was going to watch. There lay my salvation.

Eric had made another appearance during that phase. I think he knew

where I was heading but I don't think he realized how serious I was. Why would he think for one second I could take on Bill Compton single handed anyways? Eric was ancient, he had seen a lot in his life but he had a bad tendency of downplaying humans. All vampires did. I guessed he forgot I wasn't just any human because when he saw the flames burning in my eyes, he had smiled despite me cursing him and ordering him out of my house. He had given me that trademark smirk of his, as if he knew me better than anyone else did. I was going to prove him wrong. When he had left that night, I spent the rest of it loading silver bullets into my Beretta's magazine. I counted them slowlyâ€|thirteen of them. I was going to make sure twelve of them were going to enter his body and the last one was for me in case it all went to shit.

"No way I would let him touch me again." I had said to myself thinking I would rather die than relive that once more.

I walked across the cemetery not really thinking exactly what I was going to do. I had absolutely no plan whatsoever, merely relying on the fact that I was going to do the unexpected especially for the southern belle that I am or so they say. The gun was in my hand and was loaded. I had taken a backpack with me full of silver chains. When I reached his door, I knocked. I don't know why I did, it's not like I needed an invitation to enter but he answered the door and although he was a vampire and very good at not showing emotions, he did look surprised for half a second.

"Why, oh my" Bill stuttered to me "what bringsâ€|"

I didn't give him time to finish his sentence I shot him in the stomach, pushing him back onto the floor.

"Shut the fuck up Bill!" I heard myself shout.

I think he mumbled something along the lines of, "What the fuck", but the pain from the silver bullet must have been enough that he wasn't able to speak properly. I took the backpack off my shoulders and placed the silver chains on his wrists and legs while he was moaning in pain. To be honest, I was too focused on my task, to hear his plea.

I shut the front door and turned around to watch Bill hissing at me. I remember debating whether I should move him out of the hallway but then opted not to in case he used that opportunity to take control over me. I stood there for a couple of minutes not knowing what I was going to do next. I didn't want to torture him or anything, physical pain wasn't my goal. A part of me was fighting with my anger of wanting to let go of Bill and ask him why he would do such a thing to me.

But, just like that my anger would kick it in the butt and put it to rest.

"Tell me why you should live." is all I asked. He laughed. Can you believe it, he actually laughed? Was that supposed to calm me? It didn't. I took a silver knife I had in the bag and straddled his body sitting on his stomach. I instantly regretted it as I could feel him between my legs in a way I had hoped I would have never again. I instantly vomited bile on the floor beside him as images of what he had done to me came back to the surface. It was like in one touch he

could bring me back right to that trunk. His vile touch, the smell of blood, I gagged again at the imagery of feeling him inside me again.

Bill was silent as I got up and went to the dining room to grab two chairs which I brought back into the hall way. I used the silver chains to bind Bill's wrists and legs and then helped him sit on one of the chairs as I sat in front of him. He was surprisingly cooperative. Either he was stupid or he thought I wouldn't really kill him. I wondered how long it would take him to realize I had nothing left to loose, or so I thought then.

I placed the sharp blade under his chin as he snarled at the pain. I wasn't enjoying it for per say, but I didn't mind it either. Like I said, I wanted him to feel like I had felt, which meant some physical pain but also emotional ones. Since I highly doubted he was capable of love, I decided to attack his pride and his sense of superiority. I wanted him to fear me.

"If only you knew what you have done." I said as I slowly moved the silver blade across his throat not deep enough to cut his skin but to burn it. In one fast movement, I stabbed the chair he was sitting on right in between his legs, which made him jump.

"I want to know why you did it."

I was going to listen because I couldn't imagine any excuse in the world that made it okay for him to violate and disrespect me in such way. I had nothing left. He took everything away from me. My pride, my self-esteem, my memories, and my faith in life as I knew it. I couldn't see the point in living anymore and now that I look back, I wish I had gotten help instead, but it was too late and I was going to enjoy that second undead life that had been gifted to me no matter how much blood I had to drink. Being a vampire wasn't that bad really, but anyways, back to my story.

Bill looked at me straight in the eyes. He looked sad as if he actually felt sorry for what he had done but I couldn't believe it. No one who does such thing felt bad about it after the fact. It wasn't an accident, he had violated me and he was going to pay for it with his life.

"Drop the act asshole, why did you do it?" I asked again.

At that point his expression had changed, it's like, for the first time, he understood I wasn't playing . As if he could look any more serious, he looked away from me.

"I didn't mean to."

"Bullshit!"

"I couldn't help myself!"

"Sure you could have, no one made you rape me. You did, take ownership of your actions!"

And just like that, it hit me. Sure I wanted him to feel how I had felt, I wanted to take his life, but what I wanted most of all was a fucking apology. I wanted him to admit to his actions, to embrace

them and accept this was his own fault he was going to die tonight. If I wasn't going to kill him, the sun was.

He growled, or was it me? I am not sure. I turned my back on him in part to convince myself I was in charge but also because I needed to grab the gun I had left on a small table behind the chair. I should have known better, I should have just killed him right away but instead I had wanted more out of him and I guess I had to pay the price for it.

When I turned around, Bill was no longer on the chair. Don't ask me how he got away but he did. I gasped in horror and when I reached for the door, he had grabbed me and had pounced on me. The roles had been reversed, I was now the prey and he was the hunter. He straddled me but this time I could feel his disgusting bulge rubbing against me. He was fucking turned on! What a nightmare. As he had ambushed me the gun had flew across the hallway or something because it was no longer in my hands.

I tried to fight him off but it was in vain. He was obviously stronger than I was.

"I am going to kill you Bill." I said between my teeth, which made him laugh.

I am sure to someone who might have witnessed the scene they would have thought the laugh as a nervous one or maybe as a belittling one but I took it as a confession. That's right, why would he be on top of me rubbing himself if the first time he didn't mean to? Why would he be turned on by attacking me? He didn't mean it the first time but this time, he does? What?

His hands were holding mine above my head which allowed me to use an old defense technique I had learned somewhere on the internet. I pushed my arms on the side of my body, which made Bill lose his grasp and lean forward. I then smacked him on the face with my own head fully knowing I would only have one second to take the advantage, and I did. I somehow reached for the knife that was nearby and stabbed Bill to the chest as I wiggled my way out of his embrace. I ran to the door and opened it as I exited in a hurry. He followed me into the cemetery and grabbed me faster than I could say "jello". He threw me head first onto the nearby gravestone. I was bleeding a lot judging by the blood that started to pool on the granite.

I turned around to be face to face with Bill who punched me in the eye. What kind of gentleman does that anyways? I used all the force I had to push him as hard as I could, which made him back up one foot. I noticed he had the gun in his other hand so I tried to grab it with one hand while the other grabbed the knife that was still in his chest and proceeded in attempting to stab his face. Bill blocked every single one of them with his forearms, which were burnt to a degree that even the blood was gone.

I then managed to stab him in the leg and kicking him in the groin making him howl in pain and he dropped the Berretta. I picked it up right away. At that point, Bill had already removed the knife from his leg and grabbed me by the throat. As I felt the life leaving my body as he raised me to the sky, I shot two bullets in his direction not knowing if I had hit him or not. It is then he threw me with all the force that he had.

In all my time as a human, I had been thrown many times but never did I land on my head. Lying on the ground with my left cheek buried into the grass, I realized I was going to die. It was inevitable, I had landed on my head, I had heard the crack of one of my bones and this was all confirmed by the lack of feeling I had in my body. Completely and utterly numb, I couldn't move my head or my body in any way but I wasn't scared. I was ready to die. I had endured a lot of pain and grief and I believed in heaven so I was ready to go.

Miraculously, I felt no pain. I felt I was lying down on a cloud and I was waiting for it to take me to him up there. I wanted to join my parents and my Gran. My vision was blurry but not enough to stop me from seeing Bill fall to the ground. One of the bullets had somehow reached his brain and here he was lying on the Earth, staring at me as he was bleeding to death. I thought of smiling but I am not sure if I did.

As I closed my eyes, I took my last breath and died peacefully. It was liberating, as if all the problems, the pains and the aches I had were removed instantly. I felt serene. As if nothing could touch me anymore. I no longer felt the anxiety and the stress. The fear was gone and for the first time in months, I was happy.

I do not know what happens after death, whether heaven exist and that I am now forever banned from it. As quickly as my last breath had left my body, a second wind hit me but this time, I wasn't breathing. I had reopened my eyes and I knew I should have not. My body took a couple minutes before I could move it again and rise. This happened every time I awaken as if I had to relive my death over, and over again.

It had been explained to me that in a last effort to save me, Bill had crawled up to me and had given me blood. The problem though, is that he was losing so much blood I guess he lost his brain too because he didn't realize I was already dead at that point or maybe he did and he is just an asshole.

So instead of keeping me alive, it brought me back to life and I woke without a maker because he didn't make it. I had to learn a new life I never wanted and somehow, I was supposed to accept it and enjoyed it, at least that's what Pam had told

Looking back at all these events, I realize now that Bill not only robbed me of my humanity when he raped me but he managed to kill everything that made me who I was. I let revenge consume me and rage take over me because I had nothing left to stop neither. Sure I had my revenge but at what cost? A price that was greater than I could have ever imagined; the cost of Sookie Stackhouse.

2. Chapter 2

****Chapter 2****

A/N: Reminder timeline: This fic takes place about half way in the third book, after the rape but before the gas station shootout.

Thank you to LostInSpace33 for her beta work on this chapter. You did

a terrific job!

****Chapter 2- Take My Fucking Hand****

It took three days for me to rise again, or at least that's what I was told. I remember the first time I opened my eyes as a vampire I couldn't tell where I was or why I felt so restrained. It was several minutes before I could even move, and when I was capable, I noticed something heavy was stopping my arms from moving forward. Or should I say upward, since I realized I was lying down. It isn't until I opened my mouth and tasted dirt that I understood I was buried, and at that very second I didn't know I was dead, so I panicked, thinking I was buried alive.

I felt a hand reaching for my arm and it pulled me out of the dirt as if I was just a tiny worm. I tried my best to brush away the dirt from my face, especially my eyes, so my vision could adjust to my environment and see the one who had pulled me from my terror. I looked around and distinguished a tombstone nearby. Everything was cloudy and my head was spinning. I tried to focus on the black shadow by my side but it was in vain.

As I narrowed my vision on the silhouette, which I had determined to be male, I felt my stomach launch into my throat. Wrapping my arms around myself, I cried out in pain as the most enormous hunger I had ever felt took over me. It wasn't a typical dull hunger. It was a punch to the gut that took my breath away. Screaming aloud, I clutched my head and fell to my knees.

I guess that's when my fangs came down. I felt every single rip through my gums and it made me gasp in horror. It was at that moment I realized I was no longer human and that the hunger knocking me down was one for human blood.

I grasped the shadow by the shoulder and pulled myself up, realizing that my vision had finally cleared and I could I smell everything around me sharply. I looked in his eyes and for the first time I noticed how good he actually smelled.

Of course, it was Eric. He seemed to have always been there for me and the night I killed Bill was no different.

He produced several bags of blood, causing me to hiss. The unrelenting hunger inside me was screaming for me to drink, while my conscience was imploring me to just kill myself. I looked into his icy blue eyes, unable to read him, but I could feel how happy he was to see me. It warmed my frozen heart for a split second.

'Drink,' he said, but I of course argued with him because death apparently didn't take that tendency away from me.

After a long while the hunger was too much to bear, and I gave in. By that point, Eric had taken me back into my house and we sat in the living room. He had even warmed the blood for me, saying it taste better that way.

I tried the first bag he handed me, but the moment the first drop of blood touched my tongue, I felt a burning sensation that made me yelp. Eric frowned and I wasn't sure why. Wasn't it like this for all vampires? I asked him and he shook his head negatively. Taking a

second bag, I tried another swallow, but again it felt like acid in my mouth.

Removing the bag from my grasp, Eric tasted the blood for himself, but judging by the big gulps he was taking, it didn't affect him negatively at all. My hunger clawed at me again, this time strongly enough to make me cry. There was a brief flash of sheer confusion in Eric's eye but as fast as it came, it was gone. Obviously I needed to feed, but that was going to be more of a challenge than we anticipated. I wasn't a normal human, so why would I become a normal vampire?

You see, I am what you would call a hybrid—part fae and part human—and now vampire, I guess. A pure fae turning into a vampire was never heard of because the magic simply didn't allow the transformation. Any vampire who had tried would only see the fae turned to dust. But I wasn't a pure fae and I guess my strong human heritage had enabled my turning. Diluted fae were not a common occurrence in the world so it's possible that I might be the first one to ever be turned vampire.

Nonetheless, it didn't take long for me to figure out that human blood wasn't what I needed—what I craved. The longer I waited that night, the bigger my hunger became and the more confused Eric grew. He even said so himself in a moment of frustration that he was confused by my inability to consume the donor blood. Well, he might not admit saying it, but I know I heard it.

It was when the sun was about to rise — as if my body had suddenly become aware — that I attacked him. I mean, I literally lost all control and jumped on the poor man! It took him by surprise, but his thousand years trumped my seven hours and he immediately had the upper hand. As quickly as I jumped onto his lap, he flipped me onto my back on the couch and was straddling me. I don't need to remind you that he is huge and I was trapped underneath the massive Viking.

Fangs down, he was hissing at me, half out of pleasure and half out of disbelief. I guess most vampires would know better than to make a move for Eric's throat. He had my hands pinned to the back of the couch as he leaned down to my neck and sniffed. My insides warred between wanting him and being repulsed by the idea of a sexual relationship.

'What the-?' He didn't have time to finish as I was already trying to get free and bite his neck. 'Do you crave my blood?' he asked, intrigued by his own assessment of the situation. In retrospect, it must have been a funny scene. Here was the baby vampire underneath her "grandpa", trying to bite his neck over and over again as he held her at bay with one hand while thoughtfully pondering the situation.

The hunger had overwhelmed me to the point that I couldn't reply, but I can tell you now that he was right on. I could see the blood coursing under his skin and that is what I wanted most in the world at that moment. It made no sense, even to a vampire who had nearly seen it all, but realizing he would never get the answer to his question without letting me try, he released me and allowed me bite and drink from his neck. Surprisingly to me, it was the best experience I have ever felt.

I haven't fed on Eric since that night, partly out of confusion between feelings and the act of feeding, but also because it was a sexual thing when it came to him and I was simply not ready to deal with that.

The fact that I needed to feed on my own kind brought up the question of whether I was truly just a vampire. Eric asked me several times if I still could hear thoughts and after testing my telepathy on a street with humans, I realized that yes, I still could. The anticipated question of whether or not I could hear him, filled me with dread. I knew from all the time we spent together after my turning that sometimes I could. I wasn't ready to share that with him, though, so I lied and said no.

It wasn't a matter of trust for me, but of instinctive self-protection. I knew I could trust Eric " he had proven to me that he would protect me, and possibly even cared about me " but I had no idea what this new life would bring, let alone how it would affect my relationship with him. We were 'friends' as he had explained to me in Dallas, but now that I was a vampire, what would it mean other than he was my sheriff?

I had no master, and I suspected if this were widely known, my life would be in danger. At the same time, this knowledge brought to mind the questions of who I was, what I was becoming, and where my humanity would fit into all of this. That's right despite my turning I still held the same basic values and refused to give them up. How this was possible I'm not sure, but I was and still am chasing the life I had given up when I killed Bill.

For my first few weeks as a vampire, I had to feed every hour. It was an absolute nightmare, but lucky for me the Viking really didn't give up on me and ended up buying all the V he could find on the streets of Bon Temps and Shreveport, bringing it to me nightly so I could feed. I didn't require large quantities of it, unlike new vampires with human blood, but I needed at least a glass, which cost a small fortune on the street.

I did question why Eric was doing all of this for me. I mean, not once did he approach me to touch or hold me; he had stopped joking about having sex with me and was just my protector. I didn't understand why he had become so serious, but once I asked, I wished I hadn't. He became angry with me, spitting out the fact that he had been taking care of me ever since he met me and that I still couldn't see it. He finished the conversation of guilt trips and reminders of my past life with a very cold tone that things were different now, I was a vampire. Laws were different, lifestyles too, and I would need all the help I could get to just survive. He declared we should never talk about my human life again and that I needed to move on, making me feel like he pitied me, and that broke something inside me.

To this day, we don't talk about my human life. Our relationship is businesslike and nothing else. But the pity I felt from his words hurt me as if I was a lost puppy who needed to be rescued, which is not what I wanted to be to him. I don't doubt that without Eric's assistance I would have had a much tougher time adjusting to being a vampire, but I was a proud woman in my human life and why would that change in my unlife? I didn't want to be dependent on a man, dead or alive.

Sometimes during the day, I wake up crying over my previous life. This is not something I am proud of and as a vampire I of course, do not talk about it, but it seems I have lots of regrets and am having a hard time moving on. Being turned changed my life, but did it have to completely change me? Was I still Sookie Stackhouse despite having to feed on vampires, losing touch with my human friends, giving up my human job? Everything that made me, meâ€including my humanity?

Did I mention I can wake up during the day? Maybe it's the fae in me, but I can even get up and walk around a little bit, especially on days when it's cloudy outside. I don't overdo it because it drains me and does give me a case of the bleeds after awhile, but I think it's pretty freaking useful and Eric agrees.

After weeks figuring out what the heck I was capable of, Eric finally allowed me to stay at my house. I say "allowed" because despite not being my maker, he was still my guide through this mess and he demanded obedience, which of course pissed me off. He was stronger than I, so I didn't dare demonstrate just how much it did, though. I could have packed up and left, but Bon Temps was all I knew and Eric was only trying to deal with my "'baby'" phase as he referred to it. According to his experience, that phase should only last a couple of months, but neither of us had any idea how long mine would last, since nothing else about my turning had been normal. While I made a few changes to my house, most of it remained the same because it made me feel safe and was the only thing that I had left from my human life.

I did go to Merlotte's one evening, and I'm still not entirely sure why. I didn't know what people knew of my passing, but a part of me wanted to see Sam. Bon Temps is small and I was bound to run into him eventually. When I entered the bar, all the commotion came to a dead stop. I think the silence was creepier than meâ€I mean me as a vampire. Self-consciously aware of every pair of eyes on me, I slowly made my way to the bar where Sam had just set down a clean glass. He looked up at me with a startled expression that said if he'd still been holding the glass, it would now be in shards on the floor. I tried to put on my best smile, though I know it just made me look crazy, and gently waved at him until I had reached the stool. He just blinked at me several times, opening and closing his mouth in a stunned manner. At the time, I wasn't sure if he was angry or sad, but judging by the ever changing color of his face, he wasn't quite sure either.

Sam had always cared for me and sometimes I questioned on what level. That night at the bar, he confirmed what I had always suspected. Seeing me dead broke something in him, but of course, he would never admit to that. Instead, he chose to kick me out of his bar in anger, making it clear to me that I was no longer welcome in his life. To this day we still do not talk. Actually, I don't really talk to anyone from my human life anymore. Bill had mentioned a similar experience from when he was turned, but it made sense to me because it was at a time when vampires were hidden, not mainstream. They had to hide to protect themselves, so separating from their human families was essential. In today's world, though, that has changed. I don't have to hide what I am, and my family and friends know that I'm not dead, dead. But unfortunately, they've chosen to shut me out anyway, and let just say, it's awkward. I guess everyone needs time to grieve and accept my new situation, not just me. It didn't help

that I hadn't taken the time to sit down with any of them to explain my turning or why it had happened. Partly it was because I wasn't sure exactly why or how, and let's be honest, I wasn't ready to face it.

I did see my brother Jason the following night after my last run-in with Sam, but that was because he had come to the house to pilfer all the food he could find, saying that I wouldn't need it anymore and declaring that his sister was dead and he knew no 'vampire' called Sookie. Since I had already gone through that crap with Sam, I didn't have the heart to endure it with him, so I let him go. I think I might have screamed that he wasn't welcome in my house anymore and I might have said I would snap his neck, but then again, I was angry. I still am. As much as they were all hurt, so was I.

Being a vampire and walking around only at night, most of the time has its benefits. It made it easier for me to avoid the humans from my past, however, it also made it difficult to find a job. Sure I was dead and all, but I still had bills to pay. I remember one night when Eric came by to bring me my daily V fix, I asked him how most vampires used to pay bills before The Great Reveal. He laughed and said I'd probably would not want to know. I demanded more details but he just shrugged and said I was lucky to be born in these times when vampires were "out of the coffin."

"Why are you asking about jobs and money?" he questioned. I hesitantly explained to him that I was not exactly welcome in Merlotte's anymore, not as a waitress anyway. Sure, I didn't need to buy groceries anymore, but I still needed gas for my car, electricity for my house, and the ability to pay property taxes and repay him for all the V blood he had provided me. Without a job, none of that would be possible for long. After insisting that I would not be paying him for the V and me arguing about it, he paused and seemed to have an "ah ha" moment. Rising to his feet, he asked me if I would like to work at Fangtasia. I suppressed a choke in my throat and snorted as a result. I wasn't exactly Fangtasia material. I had no desire to dress like a skank and dance on a pole, or to serve drinks and flirt with fangbangers while they and vampire customers pinched my ass, like they did the other waitresses.

Seeing my hesitation, he proceeded to convince me that it would be best for both of us. I needed a job and to learn vampire politics and crap, and he wanted to save time by providing me vampire blood at my job instead of having to come all the way to Bon Temps every night—an especially logical choice considering he was also my sheriff. I agreed to it, but I became a bartender, not a waitress, which meant I didn't have to wear slutty clothes or work the floor. It didn't take me long to learn the ropes of bartending and truth be told, I quite enjoyed it. I entered a routine of working Tuesday through Saturday nights, then having two nights off where I mainly tested my abilities or helped Eric with whatever he needed me to do. I felt I owed him and I hated that feeling.

We also talked about vampire politics that night and we both agreed it would be best to keep Bill's death a mystery. It's not like Lorena, his maker, was still alive to tell someone she felt him meet the true death, so it actually made sense. Why make enemies when you don't have to? I knew his vampire database was very profitable and sooner or later someone would be looking for him. I didn't need anyone to know that not only had he turned me, but was finally dead

as a result. Eric had asked me many times where I thought the database was, and we had searched Bill's house for it, but always in vain. As time passed, it became more and more obvious that the Queen wanted it, and Eric spent many nights investigating where it might be.

I am a lot stronger than I was six months ago and I seem to be growing stronger every night. Eric treats me more like an asset than anything else, and while it hurts my feelings, I get it. I am a problem he must resolve and he sees an opportunity at the same time, so why not? Pam is like a big sister now and likes to go hunting with me. As much as the idea of feeding from humans still turns me off, she enjoys it, and normally ends up glamouring them. Eric didn't tell her that I don't drink human blood, so I pretend and she doesn't noticeâ€|or maybe she knows and doesn't care.

3. Chapter 3

****Chapter 3****

Thank you Lostinspace for your work on this one, great review as always, I feel like my chapter is always new and improved when I do a reread xxx

****Chapter 3 â€" It Has To Be This Way****

Tonight was a normal night for me. Eric told me the queen might visit soon to discuss the investigation into Bill's disappearance and where the database was. I think they all assumed he had run off somewhere with it to sell to the highest bidder. He also mentioned she has other business to discuss but he didn't go into too much detail, saying it was secret stuff. You know, the sheriff complex? I am sure I rolled my eyes.

'Miss?'

A blinked a couple of times before reminding myself that I was at work, washing a glass while my mind had been somewhere else for who knows how long.

'Miss?' The man's tone was more pressing as if he was getting annoyed.

'What's your poison?' I said, ignoring that he had caught me in a daydream.

'I would like a gin and tonic.'

I raised an eyebrow and smirked; my own poison. Nice. After making the drink I gave it to him and he smiled. I knew he was a vampire judging by the void. No matter how much I tried to read vampire thoughts, it only happened on rare, uncontrolled occasions.

'Are you new here?' he asked, trying to make conversation. He was a tall man with long hair and big green eyes. Judging by the colour of his skin and his accent I thought he was Russian. I didn't ask, though.

'I have been here for two months now,' I said with a smile and then

looked at the human woman who had just approached the bar to request a drink. She drank girly stuff which I hated making. One, they took longer, and two, they were complicated to remember.

The man finished his drink and signalled for a second one. It took me only moments to serve it to him and add it to his tab.

'Where you from?' he asked me.

'Bon Temps.'

'Oh a local! You were recently turned, no? Who's your maker?'

'That would be none of your business,' I heard from the other side of the bar. Pam was standing there with a hand on her hip and a chip on her shoulder.

'I was just trying to make conversation with the pretty bartender. Not allowed in this bar?' he growled while Pam showed her fangs.

'Stop bothering her, she is serving customers.'

He nodded and left his bar stool to mingle with the crowd. I lost track of him about midway there and went back to serving my customers.

Glancing over to the stage facing the bar, I saw Eric sitting on his throne like he did for a couple of hours every night. He was staring at someone in the crowd and instinctively I followed his glare, frowning when I realized he was looking at my Russian customer. I looked up to see Eric now staring at me and he didn't look too happy, probably because I was staring at him instead of doing my job. We locked gazes for a minute or two, but I looked away. By the time I turned back he was no longer looking in my direction. I took that opportunity to admire him. Of course I would never admit that to him in a million years, but Eric was a handsome vampire, no doubt about it. His Fangtasia attire gave him a dangerous look that just made fangbangers scream for his attention. Tonight he was wearing a pair of black leather pants that were hugging him at all the right places. Instead of traditional zippers, they featured laces that reminded me of the Middle Ages. He also wore a black tank top and half-calf black boots that laced all the way to the top. He seemed relaxed tonight as he reclined in his seat and placed one foot on the end of the throne. Maybe was it comfortable, or maybe it just looked good, but he kept watching people while I kept serving drinks.

I was beginning to feel hungry and, like most nights, Eric knew. I can't explain how or why, but it's like he felt it. He rose from his chair and signalled something to Pamela. She nodded and looked straight at me, approaching while staring me down.

'Time for a break. He wants to see you,' she said while showing another bartender I was leaving.

I didn't say anything in response but headed to his office. I had been feeding about once every three days, allowing me some days off. Eric explained to me that it took years for most vampires to get to this point but we both knew I was different so we left it at that. I

had no idea what would happen if I didn't feed when I needed it, but all signs pointed to a repeat of the first night I rose, no self-control and attacking vampiresâ€two things I didn't want and I am sure Eric didn't either. Maybe that's why he had kept on top of my blood need, even when sometimes I didn't pay attention myself.

I knocked on his door and waited for his words to come in. When I entered, I found him half naked looking for something to wear in his wardrobe. I hated how open vampires were, and now that I was turned, it seemed that Eric was often naked in front of me and didn't think twice about it. Me on the other handâ€it was a trend I had not grown accustomed to and refused to participate in no matter who was in the room with me. Apparently that was comical to Eric, as was my blushing, which still happened no matter how much I tried to hide it.

'Blushing, aren't you?' he said while looking over his shoulder with his signature smirk.

'Whatever.'

He took his pants off only for me to realize he was not wearing anything under them. I immediately turned away with a heavy sigh.

'I wish you didn't do that,' I said rolling my eyes, but of course he couldn't see that.

'So modest,' he said, and I'm sure he was smiling proudly. 'You can look now,' he added.

I sat on the chair in front of his desk and crossed one of my legs over the other. He'd changed into a pair of grey dress pants and a nice button up shirt he was still tucking into his pants.

'Leather is so uncomfortable,' he said. 'You should try it sometime,' he sneered and I frowned. He sounded suggestive but a part of me wondered if I was just dreaming that he was flirting. I mean, since my turning he had almost stopped completely, but every now and then little comments like that reminded me of him before my turning.

'I find it quite comfortable,' I said rolling my eyes again and he smiled. Leather pants were normally what I wore at Fangtasia when I wore pants, and I guess His Highness hadn't noticed.

He went over to a cabinet and produced a glass of blood, which he handed to me before sitting down in his chair.

'Thanks,' I said before drinking it all right away. It calmed me down, which made realize I had been on edge. I'm not sure why exactly, but my muscles had contracted at some point and I was tense. The more I drank though, the more they relaxed and so did I. I savoured every bit of the blood, closing my eyes at the delicious flavor. If someone had told me there would be a time in my life when I would enjoy drinking vampire blood I would have laughed. Yet here I was. I reopened my eyes when I finished, finding Eric staring at me. His emotionless face gave nothing away of what he was thinking.

'They are looking for Bill and the database. Word on the street is that he took off with it for profit,' he declared. We knew what had happened to him and I was glad that the other vampires didn't seem to put two and two together. People wondered who my maker was and wondered where Bill was, but no one seemed to make the connection, so for the time being my secret remained undiscovered. Eric's reputation and his protection also didn't hurt.

I uncrossed my legs, careful not to reveal too much skin, as the skirt I was wearing wanted to ride up when I sat. Eric was still staring at me and when I looked him in the eye, I felt a strong desire humming within me. I had a momentary flash of naked flesh exposed, a leg desperately clutching to a man's naked body; Eric. The moaning, the smell of sex; I looked away, probably blushing. Why my mind played tricks on me like that I wasn't sure, but when I looked back in Eric's direction, I found him two inches from my face, fangs on display and growling. His hands were on the arms of my chair and there was no way I could wiggle myself away.

'Can you hear my thoughts?' he asked angrily. It wasn't the first time he had asked me that, and every time I lied and said no. Truth be told, I wasn't sure myself. It wasn't exactly thoughts. Most of the time it was images that I attributed to my own imagination. I frowned, not sure why he was asking me again—right now after I just imagined having sex with him. I was confused.

'No!' I exclaimed trying to push him away in vain.

'Why were you blushing then?' he growled.

'I wasn't! I don't even know what you're talking about,' I replied, looking him in the eye. Defiance—that is all that would defuse the situation.

After a few minutes of standoff, he backed away and sat on his desk in front of me with his arms crossed. I wanted to ask him what it was he was thinking so I could understand his sudden anger and assure him I didn't hear him—but I wasn't sure. I knew I sometimes picked up on vampires' strong emotions, and it had happened with Eric before—but images? How was I supposed to know if they were my own or his?

'I know it is your day off tomorrow, but I need you to go to Compton's house and figure out where that database is before someone else finds it. If they do, they will suspect his murder. The disappearance scenario is better for us.'

I nodded and started to stand, but he grabbed me by the arm.

'You wouldn't lie to me, would you?' His eyes were insistent with a glimmer of something I didn't see very often: hurt. Again, feeling as if I had imagined that, I matched his insistence and shook my head negatively. 'After all I have done for you-' he continued, but I cut him off.

'Yes I know, I owe you. That is why I'm working for you on my day off.' He squeezed my arm briefly harder before letting me go and turning his back to me.

'Nevermind my generous pay or anything,' he said sarcastically

while walking me to the door.

'What do you want me to say, Eric? Thank you, Master?'

'That would be a start.'

I rolled my eyes and exited, making sure to slam the door behind me. His attitude pissed me off most days, walking as if he owned the place. Okay, he did, and sure, without him I most likely wouldn't be alive, but I was allowed to be irritated by it, right?

I waved goodbye to Pam and the other bartender. My shift wasn't really over but I was pissed off and I wanted to get a head start on my search despite His Highness's request to do it tomorrow. I exited to the parking lot where my SUV was waiting for me. Eric had gotten it for me, stating that my 'piece of shit car' would not protect me well enough, and as my sheriff he had to make sure I was protected. I called bullshit on it but he ignored me and gave me the keys. I promised to pay him back and he laughed, saying he would take it out of my salary. I made a decent amount of money every week, so I always wondered how much I would be making if I didn't have to pay for the SUV.

I got home half an hour later and went straight to the bathroom to shower. With our senses of smell, it was now clear why vampires were so obsessed with their hygiene. I wasn't any different. Once I was all cleaned up, I went down to the living room and sat on the couch. It was three in the morning, so I still had a couple hours to go before I needed to die for the day. I had every intention of going to the Compton estate and find that stupid database.

4. Chapter 4

****Chapter 4****

****Chapter 4 Bat Country****

Being a vampire has its advantages. I can see better at night, my hearing and sense of smell are improved, but I am not sure what is worst about it; the fact that I have to abandon any notion of what is normal, or the fact that I am immortal. You see, immortality doesn't mean you will never die, because there's always the possibility of being killed, just not naturally. It extends our lives but doesn't make us invincible. Sure, I'm harder to kill in some ways, but becoming a vampire comes with its own set of weaknesses that make it easier to kill me if I am not careful. I die for the day and could easily be staked if I wasn't hidden. I benefit from having a very old, smart and rich vampire as my mentor, who shares his thousand years of knowledge and experience with me.

No, immortality means that I will watch anyone and everyone I will ever care for die because I'll simply outlive them.

I always thought vampires did not have feelings, or at least very few. I also thought them to be lonely creatures and never really stopped to consider why. Vampires do feel, they are just experts at hiding or channeling it. If you were to live for thousands of years, wouldn't you, too? Who would want to live that long with sadness, depression and anxiety? And really, I have seen plenty of anger and

brutality from vampires, which I suspect result from pure emotionsâ€|the same basic instincts humanity has. Is it that farfetched to think, it's in there, only hidden?

He who makes a beast of himself gets rid of the pain of being a man-
Samuel Johnson

Being a man is painful and by being violent brutes, vampires make forgetting their humanity easier. But they sometimes forget that being human is not just pain. There is love and beauty in the world. I guess having to destroy it to feed yourself is hard to bear. Plus, if you are going to live for a long time, would the baggage of negative emotions not be too hard on you after awhile? Having to feed on innocent people just to survive is quite terrible really.

It makes sense why vampires chose to be beasts over humans and I know at some point, I will have to make this decision, too. But will I want to be a beast who doesn't hurt, or a human who feels pain and will always remember every face I hurt?

As I pondered my own thoughts, I walked over to Bill's house across the cemetery. I had about two hours until dawn so I was in no rush. I loved my vampire speed but I found that the more I used it, the more blood I needed to drink. So in an effort to conserve my energy, I walked most of the time. Plus, it gave me time to appreciate nature in a different way. Not only did I enjoy the peacefulness of the cemetery, but I could also really appreciate its beauty. Being dead gave me another look on death itself, and as I did not fear it the same way humans do, it allowed me to appreciate what it was; an eternal rest.

The porch was shrouded in darkness, having no one there to turn the light on. It didn't really matter for me since I could see in the dark, but vampire vision was very strange when it came to the absence of light. The best way I can describe it is that our eyes picked up on movements instead of light. As if vibrations imitated colours, it allowed us to have a sense of where things were and what movements were occurring.

The moon was up too, which afforded enough light that I didn't actually require my special vision. I stared at the door, not sure how I should enter. I could kick it down or go to the back and break a window. A missing front door would be more noticeable than a broken window in the back. But before I turned and headed for the back of the house, I thought to try just opening the door and found it unlocked.

I didn't really want to be here, mainly because I knew it would bring back memories of that prick, Bill. I growled as I opened the door and saw the chairâ€|that fucking chair he had tied me to. I grabbed it and threw it against the staircase, hoping for relief that never came. Taking a deep breath to calm my nerves, I sighed heavily and turned on the lights, feeling as if I was being watched. Though I had no blood that could be frozen, my instincts told me to turn around, so I did.

But there was no one. No heartbeat. No void. I shrugged off the creepy feeling and began my exploration of the house. As much as Bill had been an ass, he wasn't stupid. I figured the database wouldn't be in an obvious place like his computer so I explored the floor â€|

every plank, every nail â€” thinking that maybe there was a secret hole. My efforts in vain both upstairs and down, I moved on to the walls. I removed each picture frame, peeled the wallpaper, and removed light fixtures and light plates. Nothing. There was absolutely no trace of it. Besides the fact that I wasn't too sure what exactly I was looking for, I came to the conclusion after an hour's search that it was simply not here. I'd picked up various scents, though, and saw that some of the dust had been wiped away, possibly meaning that someone had found it before I could.

As I came downstairs, the feeling of being watched crept back over me. This time it was stronger and I knew it wasn't my imagination. There was still no heartbeat, only a void, and I knew he or she was in the other room. I turned in the direction of the void, but before I could take a step he was on me. I think I screamed, though as a vampire I don't like admitting it. He had pinned me to the wall, my hands above my head while his knee pressed between my legsâ€¦a classically effective technique of restraint.

My mystery vampire was tall â€” probably well above 6 feet â€” and seemed really fit. I couldn't see his face as he had it buried in my neck â€” sniffing me like dogs do â€” but I can tell you he had short light brown hair. I tried to wiggle free but his muscular arm pressed harder and I heard him growl in my ear.

'What the fuck are you?' he demanded as he broke away, finally allowing me to see his face.

I couldn't help but stare. I'd been raised to know that staring was extremely rude, but in the position I was in, who the fuck cared anyway? I just couldn't take my eyes away from it, so hideous and out of place. As if someone had ripped a tear in the Mona Lisa herself, he had a large, jagged scar from his left ear to his bottom right jaw. It had not healed properly, so much that it looked like his jaw should no longer be attached to his face on his left side. And despite its ugliness, his dark blue eyes would've taken my breath away, had I possessed any. Was it the hideousness of the scar that made his eyes look so beautiful, or was it the beauty in his eyes that made his scar so disgusting?

'What are you?' he asked me again, and I rolled my eyes, trying to appear relaxed. I could tell he was older by a lot of years, but it didn't stop me from scanning for a means to get away.

'It's funny, in my human life I had a lot of people asking me the exact same question. Now that I am a vampire I still get it? What's wrong with you?' I said, staring into his eyes.

He frowned, and as fast as he had been on me, he let me go.

He looked over his shoulder as if he was being followed, which was ironic since he'd given me the same feeling only moments before. For a vampire, he looked like he was a nervous wreck, but as soon as I even thought that, the expression had vanished, his face becoming stone cold as he stared at me. Eric explained to me once that I had a distinctive scent that some vampires might question. We had talked of coming up with a believable explanation, but instead he had tested the range of the scent itself and determined that only people really close to me could smell it. Even then, it was a matter of whether or not they were smart enough to even realize something was different.

This vampire in front of me was indeed intelligent, but I hoped my tone was assertive enough that he wouldn't ask again.

'What are you doing here?' he asked instead.

'I could ask you the same,' I replied, which caused him to grin on his right side, the left seemingly paralyzed from the scar.

'TouchÃ©,' is all he said before looking away. 'Stop looking at me like that!' he growled.

'Like what?' I replied, but instantly blushed at how rude I was.

'Like you pity me or something.'

That took me by surprise. He inspired curiosity, fear and maybe even anger for attacking me, but I certainly didn't feel pity for him. If anything I marvelled at the contrast I could see on his face. He was beautiful, in his own way.

'I don't. Who are you anyway? Sheriff Northman didn't tell me you would be here,' I said, cocking an eyebrow. It was custom for vampires to identify themselves to the sheriff of the area upon entering. If Eric knew about this, he would have told me, therefore I felt it safe to assume that he didn't, and this guy was up to no good.

He didn't answer me right away, instead taking a few steps back and seemingly assessing me, or perhaps the situation.

'Do you work for him then?' he asked.

'Yesâ€¦what are you doing here?' I asked again, but I knew the answer to my own question. He was looking for the database, too. I wasn't sure who he worked for but one thing was for sure, it wasn't for Eric.

'Bill was an old friend. I came to pay my respects.'

'Was?' I asked innocently. How did he know Bill had passed? 'He is missing, not dead.' I argued.

'Sure, that's what they say,' he sneered with such disgust in his voice it gave me chills.

He took a step in my direction but I immediately backed the up. My instincts were screaming for me to get out, but my curiosity kept me in place.

'Are you scared?' he asked, intrigued.

'I don't know you,' I said defensively.

'But you are a vampire and have no reason to fear me.' he said with a grin. 'You are different, thoughâ€¦you are still human inside,' he stated matter-of-factly, but it made me cough in disbelief.

'I don't know what you're talking about,' I replied, moving toward

the door, but he blocked me again and grabbed my arm.

'Were you the telepath?' he asked with a dangerous glint in his eye. I managed to calm my nerves enough to answer no, but I wasn't sure if he believed me. How did he know about me? Who the hell was he and what the hell did he want?

He didn't add anything else, but turned rapidly toward the door.

'I will be seeing you around," he called over his shoulder. "I suggest you do not speak of this with your sheriff. It would be wise to keep this secret between us.'

'Wait!' I called out, but it was too late. He was already gone. I frowned. Something had spooked him. He had not seemed to want to harm me, but his unwillingness to identify himself had me suspicious. Who was he and what was he doing in Bill's house?

As I stepped outside, the sun was already coming up and I suddenly understood that he had rushed away not because anything had spooked him, but because he had felt the call of daylight approaching—the same call I barely noticed most days. I watched the sun rise fully, knowing I would pay for this and would probably require extra rest tonight. I could feel the tingle on my skin, the near state of combustion it was at but never reaching. Once the sky turned blue, and the orange had disappeared, I called it a day and went back to my house.

My hidey hole was located beneath the kitchen table, under an area rug. It was an unusual place for it, which was exactly the point. If someone was coming to look for me, the kitchen wasn't the first or even second place they would look. Eric had helped me with the installation and we'd faked a sewage backup to allow the proper tools and machinery on the property without arousing suspicion. Since my house was really old and the kitchen had been added later in the 1900's, there was already a crawl space under the kitchen floor. The safe room was small but had enough room for a double bed and dresser, with a compact bathroom featuring a shower and sink. I also had a mini fridge with bagged blood for emergencies.

I went into the bathroom and quickly showered. Death was imminent; I could feel it creeping in my every move. I felt heavy and sluggish, which was also a sign that I had extended my stay into the daylight for too long. So, having no time to put on clothing, I climbed in my bed completely naked and died for the day.

Thank you Lostinspace for your awesome job at reviewing

5. Chapter 5

****Chapter 5****

****Chapter 5- We've Only Got One Chance****

I woke face first in my pillow. I guess I was in such hurry to die for the day that I didn't even had time to cover myself or you know, face the right way. It took me a few minutes before I could even move a pinky; death is hard to shake off. As soon as I could, I slowly stretched and rolled over thinking about what I was planning to do

with my day off. That was until I saw Eric standing against the wall with his arms crossed over his chest staring at me with a smirk on his face.

"Good evening sleeping beauty."

"Eric!" I shrieked before grabbing the closest sheet to cover my naked body. "Have some decency," I added, furious he just let himself in and watched me sleep butt naked for who knows how long.

"Didn't know you slept naked," he said cocking an eyebrow. I frowned and looked away. Judging by his grin, Eric found my demeanour amusing.

"Can you please look the other way while I grab something to wear?" I pleaded while he brought his hands to cover his eyes.

"No peeking," he said while I got out of bed holding on to the sheet to grab some clothing only to lose my footing and hit the wall.

Out of instinct or maybe reflex, as soon as I touched the wall, Eric was beside me grabbing me under the arm. I brushed him off as my pride was hurting and turned to face him wrapped in my sheets.

"Legs are still sleepy I guess." I shrugged but I knew that wasn't it. I was hungry again, despite having fed the night before. It was the first time since my death that I was hungry outside my regular schedule.

He frowned before placing his hands back onto my exposed shoulders. I shivered at his touch feeling my fangs tingle. I couldn't help my need for his blood but I suspected attraction also played a role. Nonetheless, I tried to look away in vain as he grabbed my chin boring his eyes into mine. I could feel his thumb frantically rubbing my skin as he searched my eyes for answers.

"Are you hungry?" he asked me, and not having the strength to lie, I nodded. "Didn't you feed yesterday in my office?"

"I did," I replied breaking away and grabbing a pair of jeans and a black t-shirt. I then headed to the bathroom and closed the door behind me. "I must have walked into the sun for too long this morning," I added through the door.

"You may want to consider something else to wear" he declared.

"Are you my personal stylist?" I asked, "What are you doing here anyways?"

I heard him sit on the bed.

"It is midnight Sookie."

"So?"

"I thought something was wrong," he simply said but I frowned. Sure it was abnormal for a vampire to wake so late into the night but it is not like I was working today so why would he know when I awoke anyway? "I texted you and called you multiple times and there was no answer," he added.

"Well, I am sorry your majesty, I wasn't available first thing when you called," I said with more anger than I intended. I'm not sure why I was so angry, maybe because I felt like I was trapped or maybe because it felt like I was a kept woman or something.

"Do not call me that," he growled and despite the door, it gave me goosebumps.

After placing my hair in a ponytail, I opened the door to find him still sitting on my bed but with a glass of V in his hands; most likely from the mini fridge. He offered me the glass; I took it and drank it down in one long gulp.

"Thanks," I mumbled as he got up and followed me to the stairs.

Once we reached the kitchen, I placed the glass in my kitchen sink and placed my hands on each side of it. I still felt the blood in my throat and I closed my eyes to savour it.

"I need you to come in tonight," he said.

"But it's Sunday, the bar is closed," I said as I turned to face him.

"I do not need you for the bar. Did you find the database?"

"No," I replied. I made a pause to think about that vampire I had met. I did not know who he was and I had not gotten good feelings from him, yet I hesitated to tell Eric. I shook my head at the thought and felt my heart ache at the mere idea of lying to him again. I was already hiding a big secret, I was not about to start lying about other petty things. "Someone was there looking for it though," I added hoping he had not noticed my hesitation. I looked up from the floor I had been staring at and tried to read his body language. Again, not the easiest thing to do but Eric appeared relaxed to me.

He gestured to continue so I did.

"I didn't get his name but he told me he was new in the area and did not want you to know about it."

"Interesting, what did he look like?" he asked me sitting at the table with his legs crossed.

"Tall and," I thought for a minute on how I would describe him. "He has a big scar on his left cheek," I simply added.

Eric growled but did say anything. I frowned, feeling as if Eric knew him. He didn't say so and instead got up.

"Our queen is coming for a visit. I suggest you dress more appropriately. You will debrief her on your encounter," he said as he opened the back door. "She will be at Fangtasia by 3:00. Do not be late," he added, staring at me intently.

I sighed loud enough for him to hear me which caused him to quickly smile at me. I wasn't sure what had gotten him in such hurry to leave but he left at vampire speed before I could say anything else.

I rolled my eyes and headed downstairs to find one of my many black dresses. Since my turning, I had gotten rid of most of my clothing, favouring black and other darker colours over my bright sundresses, vampire appropriate wear I guess. As I changed in to my 1950s inspired black dress I thought back on Eric. His reaction to the mystery man had been eclectic at most as if he knew him and was concerned. I could be wrong but Eric had left in a hurry and I would bet he is now looking for the intruder.

After carefully applying makeup so I wouldn't look so dead anymore, I headed to my car pressed for time. If the meeting was at 3, that meant I should be there way ahead of time in case Pam needed me for something at the bar.

As I pull up to the parking lot, I noticed there were a few cars already parked, which was strange considering the bar was closed. Was it possible the queen was already here? Maybe, but then again Sophie-Anne was a fan of grand entrances; not the low key ones.

I walked to the back door and using my key, I let myself in. Then I headed to Eric's office as the door was wide open. The office was empty, so I kept on walking until I reached the main room.

"Step sister, there you are," I heard from the bar. I frowned at the words.

"That's new," I said taking a seat for a change.

"You don't like my new term of endearment?" she said sarcastically.

"As long as I don't have to call Eric 'daddy' I'm fine," I said, rolling my eyes.

Pam let a couple "haha's" escape her throat before she turned around and grabbed me a drink. I looked around the room and noticed there were a couple vampires in full on tuxes, combing every corner of the room. I looked at Pam but before I could ask she already knew what I was going to say.

"Sweeping the room for microphones as if we don't already do that. They are the Queen's bodyguards. And them," she pointed into a corner booth where two women and two men were sitting. "They are the queen's personal donors. We are to treat them as royalty," she snared and I nodded in their direction as if I was greeting them.

"Awesome," I said as I drank my gin and tonic in one shot. "What do you need me to do?" I added with a genuine smile. Pam looked stressed to me so I wanted to help her.

"Can you babysit them while I go take care of Eric's office?"

"Sure," I said. "I used to be a waitress, I'm sure this is not too far from it."

"You're hired," she replied as she adjusted her tight fitted skirt and walked around the bar before she disappeared into Eric's office.

I looked over at the booth and observed them for a while. They looked pretty laid back as if they owned the place. It was unusual for humans to act in such way considering they were donors. Then again, Sophie-Anne was known for taking care of those who served her and I guess that included her 'royal' donors. I decided to go over to offer them something else to drink seeing how their empty glasses were sitting in front of them.

They all looked at me as I approached their table with my best smile. I wasn't sure how to treat them exactly. The vampire way was to see humans as a lower class while the human still in me just wanted to treat them with cordial respect. Since there was no one left in the room other than us five, I saw no harm in just doing what felt right.

"Can I get you all something else to drink?" I asked politely, keeping my distance.

_This is perfect timing, _thought one of them.

I frowned but tried to hide the fact I was listening to a different type of conversation.

Oh shit, she must be listening, the thought continued and I pretended I didn't hear it.

One of the men knew I was a telepath but why would he freak about it? Or even try to hide it?

Happy thoughts happy thoughtsâ€¦!

Well so much for figuring it out. I hated it when the person figured out my telepathy and would force themselves in thinking the same thing over and over again. It's like having one of those annoying songs playing in repeat, constantly. One thing made me feel uneasy though; he was hiding something.

"I will take a refill; I was drinking a beer," one of the women said quietly.

"Same," said the other woman and I smiled and looked at the two men. I still didn't know which one I had read the thoughts from and without hearing their voice, there was no way for me to figure it out.

_She has to stop staring at me like that, she gives me the creeps. _That thought was in another voice, not the same as the first male voice I had heard.

I sighed heavily. If they could just tell what me what they wanted to drink, I could move on with my life. I have one human who knows about my telepathy and another one that just thinks I'm creepy; just great!

_Where is Ulric, the order won't be happy if he doesn't stake the bitch right now, _thought one of the women while the other was thinking the same thing.

I almost choked but did my best to keep my cool. As I slowly realized

what I just had heard, the queen's body guards came back in the room whispering to each other that everything was clear. Without my vampire hearing, I would have probably never picked it up. I tried to look as stress free as I could but if the man was referring to one of the body guards as this 'Ulric' then this meant one of the vampires was going to try to kill me and here I was alone in a room full of vampires and humans who either had no clue what was going to happen or were in on it.

"We will have whiskey sours," one of the men declared behind me and I recognized the voice from my thoughts as being the first man who knew about my telepathy so I turned around and gave him the coldest look I could manage.

As I stared at him, I listened behind me to hear whether one of the vampires was making his move. There was no way for me to know whether they were all together or not but I just assumed the worst.

I turned around slowly to find both vampires very close to me. Everything was happening so fast, I barely had time to assess the situation. One thing I knew for sure, is that I was not going to be the first one to do anything mainly because I did not want any problems with the Queen and I had no idea how much she was involved in this coup.

Pam came back in the room and the two vampires took a step back. One of them walked to her and addressed her in an official tone asking whether the office was available for clearing now. She nodded and the vampire disappeared while his buddy kept staring at me and paid them no attention.

I had no illusions that I would not be able to take this vampire down myself. For one, I was not at my full strength. Sure the V fed my needs but Eric and I suspected that feeding from the source would make me stronger and would keep me satisfied longer. There was also the fact that the vampire was older than me by a couple centuries. I was sure I was strong enough to fight baby vampires, heck, maybe even vampires with a few decades over me but I wasn't about to test a theory on the queen's guard.

I broke his stare by walking to the bar to get all the drinks and did not miss shoulder checking him when I passed. He growled which caused Pam to look up at me and frown. I tried to gesture something was up but the vampire had turn in our direction and I did not want him to know that I knew something was up.

When I reached the bar, I proceeded to make the drinks and silently wished I would learn Norse so I could speak to Pam in a different language no one else understood. The vampire was now staring at us which Pam did not miss.

"What, is there a problem?" she said to him but he did not reply.

I asked her in a whisper whether she was older than him or not but I don't think she heard me. She grabbed my drink that I had left on the bar and drank it in one shot before placing the glass into the sink and walking away.

As I finished making the rest of the drinks, Pam started yelling in pain and as I tried to reach her to help, someone grabbed me over the

counter and dragged me into the middle of the dance floor. I tried to fight but as I suspected, I was not strong enough. I glanced at Pam who was now on the floor and had stopped yelling. I had no idea what she had ingested but all I knew is that it had been meant for me, in my drink and if it had anything to do with the human donors, it was meant to kill me.

The donors were watching as the vampire held my arms behind my back and instructed me to stay calm. The other vampire emerged from Eric's office with a stake in his hands. He ran at vampire speed at me while I tried once again to break free causing the guard holding me to break my arm and I, to yelp in pain. One of my knees buckled but the first guard was still holding me hard enough that my knee never reached the floor. When the second guard reached me, he took no time to insert and push the stake inside me. As I shrieked in pain, the fact I was not a puddle of goo was a good indicator that he had missed my heart by what felt like millimetres. I felt my body hit the floor before my head, pushing the stake further into the wound.

I was confused and hurt and as I tried to look at my two assailants, everything went blurry. I blinked in order to focus and that's when I saw the second guard on the floor, yelling in pain. At least he looked like he was yelling, I couldn't hear properly. I raised my head to look the other way. That's when I saw a blur coming in the first guard's direction to snap his neck as if it was nothing. I shook my head and tried to get a hold of myself. I needed to feed, I was angry and hungry. As I felt the rage boiling inside of me I stared at the other guard still on the floor next to me. I wanted to kill him and drink his blood, I wanted him to suffer so without hesitation, I used the distraction to grab his arm and bite it. Before my fangs could spear his skin however, I felt a forced pushing me further into the floor while taking the stake out of my shoulder and inserting into the guard.

As the puddle of goo formed, I looked up to see a bloody Eric in defensive stance staring at the entrance of the bar. He was growling his hands formed into a fist as he stared at the vampire that was standing at the entrance.

The queen.

6. Chapter 6

A/N: I made a mistake in this fic where vampires can drink. I apologize, when I first started it, I had been binge watching Being Human (UK) and I guess I blurred the difference between vamps in that show and vamps in SVM.

Also, this is finally the last chapter to get this fic up to date. I realize I lost a lot of readers by switching names but maybe one day they will make their way back to this fic if it still interests them

As always, feel free to let me know what you think.

Chapter 6

My wound was still bleeding when Eric helped me to my feet. I didn't heal as fast as other vampires but no one had ever questioned it. Of

course, I did not get into the habit of getting stake every day either. I tried to focus on his massive arm that was holding my body so I wouldn't stumble and look weak but truth be told, I felt like shit. My hunger had seemed to be out of wack but now with my wounds, I was having a hard time controlling myself. As I stood up and weakly bowed to the queen, I tried to avoid the overwhelming need to feed on my own kind. My fangs were ready and as much as I tried to retract them, I couldn't. I held on to Eric and whispered "Pam" to him. He nodded and pointed to her. She was sitting at the bar drinking a glass of blood. She looked like shit but she looked alive. I took a deep breath and as my knee buckled once again, I tried to catch myself before falling. Thankfully, Eric was quick enough to catch me before I made a fool out of myself. Our eyes met for a few seconds and I felt his hand holding me tighter as if he did not want to let me go.

>"Someone please feed her" the Queen declared dismissingly as if nothing special had happened.
She walked over to the table where her donors were and pointed to one of the women. As the women walked to me, I looked away. Under normal circumstances, this would have been an honour for any vampires, to feed on a royal donor. Of course, I wasn't a normal vampire and I couldn't feed on her. Even if I did pretend, she could say something while actually drinking her blood would make me sick, thus, exposing me for what I was.

"What?" Sophie-Anne said noticing my hesitation and turning to Eric, "You don't think I have anything to do with this do you?"

Eric's silence was enough; he thought she did.

"I assure you, I don't and I am offended you think I would attack my favourite and best sheriff. How silly.'"

"They attacked Sookie," he quickly rectified.

"But an attack on her is an attack on you, am I correct?" she giggled as if something was amusing in what she was saying.

Eric growled as a sole response. The donor was offering her wrist to me but I turned away.

"Well that's insulting now. Why would you not want to feed on my own private collection?" she demanded but I did not know what to answer. I sure wasn't about to tell her it was because I did not feed on human blood. I held on to Eric's arm a little while longer before I steadied myself on my feet and looked at the queen in the eyes.

"Your donors were involved in the whole scheme." I paused, looking for the right words. "'So if your majesty had no idea this was going down, please know your donors were and for all I know, they might all have Hep D or something."

Eric squeezed my arm gently which either meant good job or shut the fuck up either way, what was said, was said, and the queen looked extremely upset. Sure this was somehow exposing my telepathy. But was it really far fetch to think that since her pets knew about it, she did too?

"Is this true Mariana?" she enquired but the donor stayed quiet. "And how would you know that Miss Stackhouse?" she then asked me and I

looked away. What was I supposed to say? I read minds but don't worry I can't read yours, sort of, I guess?

She stared at me for a minute and then signaled the guards, who had come in with her, to take her donors away. She, then, signaled us to follow her into Eric's office. With his help, I sat on the couch in the back of the office, while he threw me one of the vampire blood bags he had in his cabinet. I caught myself thinking it would be a lot easier, to just simply lick the blood off his face and arms, and immediately brushed the thought off; embarrassed that is all I was thinking about in such uncomfortable times. He stared at me for a few seconds and he looked intrigued, probably reading my embarrassment all over my face and not understanding where it was coming from.

Pam came in minutes later and sat beside me. I wanted to ask her how she was walking around but now was not the time. She looked paler than usual and I wondered what it was she had ingested; a poison of some kind? Maybe silver laced drink? I opened the blood bag and drank quickly trying as much as possible to cover the smell. I didn't want anyone to know what I was drinking. I had no idea if it smelled different to them but to me, human blood smelled like garbage while this blood was justâ€¦ delicious. I shivered at the thought, still not used to talk about blood in such way.

"I would offer you one your majesty but this is the last one and," Eric began but the Queen cut him off.

"Of course she needs it more than I need it. No need to explain." She exclaimed as she took a seat in one of the chairs in front of his desk. She was being awfully nice right now.

He nodded and sat in his chair glancing at me from time to time. I tried to smile to show him I was okay, which I guess, isn't very vampire of me but what the hell?

"I know about your telepathy Miss Stackhouse, so I assume you read their minds?" she asked nonchalantly without even looking at me.

I looked at Eric in search of the right thing to say, as much as I suspected she did, I was still in shock. How did she know? Was I to tell the truth or was I to lie and tell her she's full of it? I sucked at politics and that is why I was relying on him to show me the best course of action. He nodded positively, kind of giving me the go ahead. Well at least, that is how I took it.

"Yes" I replied while straightening myself on the couch. I could feel the blood I had just drank pumping through my veins and giving me new life. My shoulder was slowly healing, enough that I could move it a little bit. I was really thankful that Eric had emergency blood in his office and that I did not have to pretend I enjoyed blood from a human.

"And what did they think about?" she continued still not turning to look at me.

"They thought about me and how it would be a perfect time to kill me. They mentioned Ulric."

"Interesting, anything else?"

"No.'" I paused, thinking back on the events. My head felt cloudy and I just wanted to sleep. "Maybe something about an order?" I scratched my head as if it would help me make sense of it.

The chill I felt from the Queen even if she was not facing me was enough for me to stop talking and thinking. I had said something she did not like. Eric wasn't talking at all, and had seemed to be interested in the conversation. He had crossed his left leg over his right and had, after cleaning the blood off his face, intertwined his fingers as if he was pondering on this whole ordeal.

We stayed in silence for several uncomfortable minutes. I didn't want to be the first one to say something but I could tell everyone was really tensed.

"It is actually the reason for my visit," the Queen declared as I closed my eyes. I felt so heavy, as if the sun was coming up but I knew we were at least two hours from it.

"I believe what she heard is a reference to the Order of the Bones. They are a group of vampires hiding amongst our ranks who believe the monarchy should be eradicated. "

"Any names associated with them?" Eric asked. I kept my eyes shut and tried to focus on the conversation that was happening in front of me.

"Not yet. Only pieces of paper here and there with statements meant to scare us."

The Queen took an unnecessary deep breath and continued.

"We have tracked several of their members' movements to your area. I need you to investigate it. The vampire database is crucial to keep an eye on all vampires. I am very disappointed you have failed to locate it and its creator."

I felt bad. It wasn't Eric's fault Bill was such an asshole. And really, he too reported directly to the queen. He chose to hide the database not only from Eric and other vampires but from her too. Even in death, he was a dick.

"My apologies," is all Eric said. Who could blame him? There was nothing else that could be said, that would fix the mess he was in. On one hand, he was tasked to find a database and make up a story on what happened to its creator without exposing me to the queen. With my discovery of mystery man, it was safe to assume we were not the only one looking for it. Mystery man did not want Eric or the queen to know he was in the area so he could not have been working for the same side. On the other hand, he now had to investigate some group of maniac vampires, whose identities were unknown and whom wanted to kill me. Why?

It was safe to assume it had to be because of my telepathy since they knew about it and knew how to protect themselves from it.

I sighed heavily, my head hurting. I wanted to have a private discussion with Eric to talk all of it out. I felt lost and wanted to know where he stood so I would be right beside him. A part of me just felt safe around him while the other just wanted to be with him. My

desire to be by his side was, in my opinion, a result of my loyalty to him for having helped me in the worst time of my life but somehow I knew this wasn't just it.

I brushed off my feelings aside, since it wasn't the time nor the place to have this type of heart to heart with yourself and I tried to pay attention to the conversation that had continued without my listening.

"Your donors were humans, if that is who they are using to spy on us, Sookie can find them," I heard Eric say which made me smile inside.

I reopened my eyes when I felt some movement beside me. One of the guards had moved to the Queen's back and was whispering in her ears. With my super vamp hearing I did hear something. He asked for her to finish quickly so they could move out. In his opinion, it wasn't safe here for her and I guess, I would agree if I was in charge of her safety.

"Very well, I trust you will do everything in your power to succeed in both task? Next time, I will require you to come to me for safety reasons. As much as I love outings, we live in uncertain times."

"Of course," he replied.

"I am sure I do not need to explain that in the event you do find members of the Order, you will keep them alive for me"

He nodded with a devious smile; she had not say unharmed and knowing Eric's, he was probably already imagining ways to make them pay for attacking his child. Pam was probably the most important vampire in his life and I don't think he took kindly to her being threaten.

The Queen got up and we all did at the same time. After paying our respects, she left with her guards leaving the three of us alone in the office until a guard came back with one of the male donors and through him on the floor. I sat again, feeling dizzy and weak most likely due to my injury.

"The queen wants you do interrogate him and then, dispose of him." He said in one breath before leaving again.

Pam looked almost as if nothing had happened to her. She grabbed the donor by the arm as her fangs

"Can I?" she asked looking at Eric who was still smiling.

"Of course."

She started feeding on the donor as she exited, dragging him like a ragdoll. He looked already in rough shape probably because he had received a beating from the Queen's guards. I assumed she was taking him to the dungeons where he would be kept alive for days to be tortured and fed upon until she would get bored with him. I also assume eventually I would be asked to read his mind and I secretly prayed that it would not be tonight. I felt sick and weak as if the blood I had drunk was just simply not good enough.

I glanced at Eric who seemed to be lost in his thoughts. I closed my

eyes to focus on keeping my head steady as I felt it was getting worst and spinning out of control.

"I am going to need you to find these vampires Sookie" he started as I listened in silence, opening one eye. "I know you have been focusing on finding this database but this will take precedent. Start with Tristan."

"Tristan?" I mumbled not sure if it was to myself or to Eric.

I felt a hand on my lap and I wanted to look at him. I knew he was sitting beside me, I was aware of my surroundings but my eye lids were too heavy and I felt I had no longer the energy to stay awake.

"Sookie" I heard but I could not respond. What was wrong with me? I wasn't able to focus nor was move, yet, the sun was not up so I couldn't find an explanation. I was still aware of everything. It was as if I was in a coma and couldn't do much about it. Was I passing out? Could vampire pass out?

I felt his cool hand on my cheek and I let my head lean into it. As if all the burden of the world had been lifted from my shoulders, I let go and stopped fighting the numbness that was taking over.

"Something is wrong Eric," I managed to say. His hand had moved to my shoulder, he was leaning me into his chest and I did not resist. My head rested on his shoulder as he lifted me off the couch and started walking.

I did not know where he was bringing me but I didn't care. He made me feel safe. I tried to hold my head off his shoulder for a brief moment but couldn't manage. I was getting weaker and weaker and my shoulder wound had reopened, bleeding all over his chest.

What the hell was wrong with me? I was going to bleed to my true death? Blood was supposed to help you heal, not regress. I was so confused and I felt as if I was spinning out of control. In an effort to stop myself from slipping away, I placed my hand on his other shoulder and focus on the feeling of his shirt under my fingers. I traced every crevasse and muscles I could find until he gently placed me on something soft. I whimpered at the loss of his touch. I wanted to fight it, I didn't want to be a kept woman, but what was I to do? I felt as if I was dying and I couldn't do anything about it.

I tried to sit up but none of my muscles were moving anymore. I felt a couple drips of what I assume were blood on my lips and I licked them off begging for more. For every lick, I felt a new gain of life. My fangs managed to poke through as I instinctively looked for the source with my hands. I couldn't think anymore, it became clear what I needed was more blood; a lot more blood.

Without much thought I reached in front of me, incapable of opening my eyes. My desire, my need for the blood was too strong, I was growing out of control just like my first night as a vampire. I kneeled using my new found strength and I got a hold of an arm which I pulled to my mouth, biting it at the wrists. I moaned my pleasure as I drank sips after sips, my body wanting to get closer.

The blood was better than what I had been feeding from, it was fresh, and it was powerful. I could tell my wound was closing yet again but this time, it was for good. The wrist moved slightly which caused me to growl my disapproval. I wanted more, and I was going to get it no matter the cost. A cool hand caressed my back, causing me to shiver under the touch. I leaned in the body in front of me, my lips still locked onto the wrist. The hand moved up to my shoulders, brushing over my exposed skin. I moaned louder plastering my chest on the arm I had been feeding from. It shifted, I felt a chest under my own hand but all I could focus on was the neck that was now exposed to me. The hand squeezed my shoulder slightly and moved to the front of me slowly making its way down to my breasts without reaching them.

I couldn't contain myself, I bit the neck that was offered to me and I heard the growls that came with the act. I drank without restrain noticing the hand had returned to my shoulders instead of keeping its southern direction. I had no notion of time, I didn't care, I felt well, and I felt renewed.

A few fingers brushed over the back of my neck before making their way into my hair. They were pulling in, holding me in place as I kept on feeding. But just like that, as if someone had snapped their fingers and stopped a trance, I felt the fingers grabbing my chin, forcing me to pull away from the neck. I fought it, with all my desire and my needs but it was stronger than all of it. I perceived what felt like lips on my forehead but I was too drunk or high on blood to think straight.

We stood still without one movement as if we were trying to focus, to think clearly. What was happening to me? Why did I need so much blood? Sure, it had been the first time I had been severely injured since my turning, but I had never experienced an actual reversed effect on blood I had just drunk. As if my body was trying to tell me it needed more and by doing so was draining all its energy, the bagged blood I had drunk had seemed to only work for a brief moment before I had gotten sick again.

And this blood, I wanted more of it. It was so strong; satisfying as if no word could describe how much my body was craving it. I had not been drinking from the source, feeding mainly from bagged blood but the difference was absolutely nothing short of amazing.

I growled again having kept my eyes closed the entire time. The mere thought of the blood was menacing to take over my very soul. I had experience such strength only one time since my turning. Only when I had fed on Eric.

Eric.

As I came to the crushing realization, my eyes flew opened and I immediately pulled away partly because I was embarrassed by my behaviour and my lack of self-control but also because the sexual tension I had felt made me feel sick emotionally. I grabbed a sheet from, what I could now see, the bed I was sitting on. As if the mere sheet could protect me from my own embarrassment I covered myself and looked up at him horrified.

End
file.